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Sailors' Magazine

and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, payable in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the MAGAZINE *should always give both the old and new address, in full.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued, annually, as a four page tract adapted to seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society $20 for a LOAN LIBRARY may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give *annual* notices of their desire for its continuance.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of——, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:—

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, *at the same time*, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

Vol. 70, NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 11.

THE HELMSMAN.

What shall I ask for the voyage I must sail to the end alone?
Summer, and calms, and rest from never a labor done?
Nay, blow ye life-winds all; curb not for me your blast;
Strain ye my quivering ropes, bend ye my trembling mast.
Then there can be no drifting, thank God, for boat or me—
Strenuous, swift our course over a living sea.
Mine is a man's right arm to steer through fog and foam;
Beacons are shining still to guide each farer home.
Give me your worst, O winds; others have met the stress;
Even if it be to sink, give me no less—no less!

M. A. DeWolfe, Jr., *in Harper's Weekly.*

SEA-SAWS.

I played the rôle with heart and soul,
Of lover of the sea;
At first I thought I'd caught the rôle,
And then the roll caught me.

I sang a song—but it went wrong,
So take advice from me,
And never start a sailor song
Till you are on the quay.

The coast was getting out of range,
We'd left the land behind;
At first I didn't mind the change,
And then I changed my mind.

The gale increased—its icy breath
Froze every thought of mirth;
And first I prayed to meet my death,
Then asked to see my berth.

The vessel kicked us like a horse,
And bruised us with the shocks
(They were not equine blows, of course,
It was the equinox).

But when we struck a rock, the shock
Gave me a moment's ease;
I'd rather seize upon a rock
Than rock upon the seas.

Capt. Basil Hood.

BY THE SEA.

Great God, from whom we come, to whom we go,
Center above, and soul of all below,
Apart from thee our lives are vanity;
Thou art our source, our current and our sea.

Thou art our source; Lord, fill our souls with thee,
Till freed from self we share thy purity.
Thou art our current; and in life's full tide,
Through storm or sunshine, be our strength and guide.

Thou art our sea, and in that mighty main
May we full life and perfect freedom gain;
Content in thine unchanged eternity
To find, and hold, and lose ourselves in thee.

HARRIET K. MUNGER, *in Congregationalist.*

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE shipwrecked and destitute begin to multiply in this Society's office as the winter approaches, although the summer months were not without some cases of great need. There are two things that ought to tempt givers to the endowment of this part of our work; one is, that all applications for aid are sifted and tested to ascertain the worthiness of the applicants for aid; the other is, that the relief asked for is absolutely needed and is promptly and graciously granted. There are few men more destitute than a shipwrecked sailor; the relief granted puts him to work again in a few days, to be again the independent self-supporter he ought to be and wants to be. Last year a letter from Mobile, referring to a sick sailor in the hospital who was sent to his home in Maine by this Society, made this statement: "He is about the happiest man in Mobile, and it was interesting to see how delighted for his sake were all his companions. You have befriended an excellent man, who is a true Christian."

A PACKAGE of SAILORS' MAGAZINES is mailed to many workers among seamen. It is important that a copy be given by them to the members of boards and committees that superintend their work, for it will deepen their interest and make it more intelligent. Copies should also be given to sympathetic officers of vessels. Any one on ship or shore who offers to subscribe for the Magazine should be allowed to do so. From far-away Buzrah, near a little pocket of the ocean in the Persian Gulf, come thanks for the Magazine, and these words: "We like to have a copy on the outside of the package of papers and

magazines we put on board each steamer or vessel stopping here. It is a sort of introduction, and it vouches for the genuineness of our interest in seamen."

May not many readers of it do as one writes he does? He says "We should feel sorry to lose a single number; we enjoy it very much and after reading it we take it to the church literary table, from which it is passed around and appreciated."

THE advocates of total abstinence object to the breaking of a bottle of wine on a vessel when it is launched, and Christians object to the form of words which implies its baptism or christening when it is named. The bottle-breaking is silly, and the christening is the profanation of a church sacrament. What is required for the abolition of the custom? First, that it should be recognized as irreverent and absurd, and second, that some appropriate ceremony should take its place. What shall that ceremony be? Let our thoughtful readers send their suggestions to this Magazine.

A New York journal caps the climax of both irreverence and absurdity by calling a child who "christened" ("daintily christened," whatever that may mean) a vessel, "the godmother of the steamship *Havana*." Among other questions asked of a godmother is this: "Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works, &c., &c."

A CORRESPONDENT writes "We had a nice seamen's meeting last Sunday night; earnest prayers, reminiscences by captain SPICER and extracts from the MAGAZINE and LIFE BOAT." Some call on the Secretary of this Society to address meetings of this kind, and he is ready to do it. But if a church has a sea captain in its membership, let him be heard in regard to sailor-work; and if neither the Secretary nor a sailor can be had, the MAGAZINE and the LIFE BOAT will furnish appropriate material for a sailor-meeting. Let no pastor of any evangelical church let this winter pass without a meeting in the interest of this Society.

THIS Magazine is often indebted to the Rev. H. T. MILLER, an "old salt" himself, for articles on sea-subjects. Some things he has written on sailors have been so flattering to them that their accuracy has been questioned. To such a challenge he responds as follows:

I assure you that men before the mast have been found to discourse after this fashion and better; men of wonderful powers and gifts. The tough problem was how they still kept at that end of the ship, or on board a ship at all. Many have

entered the mission field, but others unequally made up somehow have failed to realize their promise. I lift up the sailor as an extra sample of our race, and landsmen will never know how many golden kidneys of wheat we have had among them. The follies of a few days ashore on the part of some have given Jack a bad name; but in a week or two he is afloat again, and the excesses have failed to impair his wonderful vigor. Of course that which is born of the flesh is flesh; but how is it that our race has filled the world with the primest of men? How much of the sailor is in our generation it would be hard to tell. He has come from the sea with great potentialities, and has produced offspring who are the finest in the world, shooting far ahead of those whose progenitors were always on top, so to speak. The history of Jack is yet to be written.

We are pained to learn that the Rev. Donald Miller, of Genoa, is ordered by his physician to abstain from work for a year. May the rest result in a complete recovery of his health and the resumption of his great work among the seamen. The Genoa Committee will put a man in his place.

The Secretary is ready to preach in any church in behalf of this Society, to explain its work to the King's Daughters, to the Society of Christian Endeavor, to Monthly Concerts of Prayer, to Sunday Schools, to parlor meetings. Write to him at No. 76 Wall Street, New York.

In a recent Magazine a captain testified that the library on board his vessel was "very valuable," but he added "the library in my opinion would be far more perused by seamen were it less spiritual than the last one furnished to me."

With one exception the Editor of this Magazine has printed the testimonies of captains and their criticisms also just as they make them, omitting only superfluous words. Looking back over his experience for ten years and a half, it is delightful to remember how infrequent the criticisms are and how uniform the thanks and praise. Now and then the criticism of the captain above referred to is made by others. On the other hand captains who want their crews to be profited as well as pleased are constantly expressing gratitude for the religious books. These are not of the goody-goody order, nor are they dry and stale, but are the best and freshest issues of the press, often in story form from the most popular writers. The gentleman who selects the books has thorough experience in the conditions of the library work, a catholic taste, and a large knowledge of books. When he retires from this labor of love it will be hard to find his like or his match.

While a large proportion of each library is composed of books of

biography, of travel and adventure, of popular science, of history, of story, it must be remembered that most of the donors of these libraries are seconding the aim of this Society by their gifts, and their common aim is to evanglize the men of the sea. The libraries and the chaplains are not sent forth to force religion into seamen, but both are to be wise in putting the question of all questions, and in putting Christ before them as its solution. Thank God that many sailors have been reached by a book, and through it have reached the truth and found Christ.

LOAN LIBRARIES. The captain of the barkentine *John Swan* writes of No. 9,813 :

I am glad to say a few words in praise of the good work done by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in supplying libraries to foreign-going ships. The library which we are returning, given in memory of Jabez L. Peck, by the Peck and Russell Sunday School of Pittsfield, Mass., contains books well chosen, being both interesting and instructive, and supplying both officers and crew with wholesome entertainment for many hours that would otherwise be wasted. May the good work go on until "men cease to go down to the sea in ships."

The master of the ship *Centurion* writes of No. 10,118 :

It was so nice a one that although the ship was back here about fifteen months afterwards, I did not think it best to change, as there was a new crew each year. Many of the different crews have read different books, and I trust to their profit.

The master of the *Bonny Doon* writes of No. 10,145 :

It has been on board several voyages, as we are having a new crew every voyage. We like to keep a good library. It is a great blessing to be provided with good books for our men. It would do teachers and children of the Sunday Schools and other donors good to see the interest some of our men take in the books. Sometimes we see every man with a book in his hand on a Sunday, spending the lonely hours at sea in reading. We are very thankful to the donors. May God bless and prosper the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is the prayer of yours very truly.

The master of the bark *Annie Reed* writes of Nos. 10,187 and 10,216 :

The books have been read by the officers, crew and myself and much appreciated. If you can send another library here to day I will take it on board by the tug boat.

The master of the ship *Celeste Burrill* writes of No. 10,418 :

The library has been a source of pleasure and profit to the crew this last voyage. The whole crew have had access to it whenever they wished to exchange a book or get another one, and in their name and in my own I thank the donors of the library and your good selves for your kindness.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

SABLE ISLAND.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. EDWARDS, D.D.

A little over a hundred miles due south of Cape Breton lies the long, curved sand dune known and dreaded by sailors under this name. The Canadian Department of Marine has published a chart of the island, showing by pictured representations of ships of various size and shape the localities of the wrecks of over one hundred and fifty vessels known to have been lost on its dangerous shores since 1804. All are depicted bows inward, clustering around the murderous sand-spit like bees around a hive. Their names are given, and often have a pathetic significance, some of them being *Hope*, *Joy*, *Our Boys*, and the names of home ports in many lands which never welcomed these ships again. Captains usually give a wide berth to Sable Island, but it lies in a foggy belt, with an average of but ten sunshiny days a year, and so is a constant menace to vessels out of their reckoning.

Within recorded memory the island was forty miles long and twelve wide; now it is a sandy scimitar, a mile wide and twenty-five miles in length. The centre of this concave ridge is occupied in part by a lake twelve miles long and a third as wide as the island. The steady wear of the stormy Atlantic will at no distant day sweep away all that remains above the level of the sea, making the danger still greater, because it will be difficult if not impossible to maintain warning lights and signals and life-saving stations.

Steamers seldom touch at Sable Island, and the fifty inhabitants are dependent for news and supplies upon government vessels which visit it at intervals of three or four months.

Last July Professor Alexander Graham Bell with a small party went over to the island on the steamship *Harlaw*, bearing letters from the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa, his object being to search for the remains or any relics of a family friend who was lost on the French steamer *La Bourgogne*, which met its terrible fate about sixty miles south-east of Sable Island. The *Harlaw* reached its destination in a dense fog and blew several long blasts on its whistle, with a performance on its siren calculated to stir the blood of any life saver within hearing. "In a very few minutes," one of the party writes in an article describing the trip, published in a Braddeck paper, "two horsemen appeared galloping along the beach towards us from opposite directions, who when abreast of us stopped a moment to look, and then disappeared into the haze at our left. We followed them as well as we could with our glasses, and quickly detected a large white boat being hauled down the beach by men and horses."

The officer in charge of the boat soon boarded the steamer and proved to be the superintendent himself, Mr. Boutilier. He won the hearts of his visitors at once by his whole-souled manner, intelligence and dignity. On learning the object of the expedition he could hold out no hope of success. The beach had been patrolled every morning during foggy weather and the smallest article washed ashore

carefully examined; but no bodies nor wreckage of any sort had been cast up since the date of the disaster. As but one other vessel had visited the island for six months the inhabitants had not heard of the loss of the *Bourgogne* nor even of the Spanish-American war. The kind-hearted superintendent extended a generous hospitality to Professor Bell and his family during their stay of a week, and offered all possible assistance in their search. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into friendship, and the noted inventor's active mind has since been exercised upon devising a kite-propelled, self-steering boat which might be used in favorable weather to connect the island more easily and frequently with the mainland.

From the article referred to, written by Mr. J. T. R. Atwater, the following interesting passages are given as descriptive of a little known locality and the less known life there:

"Our interest was first centered, naturally enough, on the boat houses, where we were shown the life boat and rocket apparatus, all kept in first-class condition and ready at a minute's notice to be 'hitched up' and galloped off with to the assistance of any craft unlucky enough to come to grief on those dangerous bars. Nailed to the walls were the names of two score or more unfortunate vessels of various nationalities—English, American, French, Norwegian, Italian, Spanish and Dutch—all of which had met their fate near by, an interesting record in themselves.

"Close by was housed the most important looking craft on the island. Built by Embree & Sons, of Port Hawkesbury, it was exhibited at the World's Fair, where it obtained highest award as a model fishing boat. Subsequently purchased by the Dominion Government, it was sent to Sable Island to be used should an emergency require it for communicating with the mainland.

"Next came the stables with the cattle and ponies—the first not surpassed by any seen in the best farming districts on the mainland; the second, famous wherever Sable Island is spoken of. Oh! those ponies. Never shall I forget my wild rides on those half-tamed, sure-footed steeds—now along the surf-beaten sand, with the foam dashing around my horse's legs, now over the wavy grass-covered sand hummocks, into the unexplored, mist-enveloped region beyond.

"After lunch the *Harlaw* resumed her voyage to Halifax to return in six days, leaving us, for the time being, almost as completely shut off from the busy world as if we had removed to another sphere. Having been made to feel quite at home, however, we continued our explorations, some of the results of which I shall endeavor to set forth. Though Sable Island can scarcely be called a desert island, yet to a landsman it seems upon a first acquaintance to possess all the fascinations of a Juan Fernandez. There is a charm about it which is irresistible. You even inhale contentment as well as life and vigor with the rich brine-laden atmosphere. We did not long wonder that its inhabitants, removed from the cares and worries of a busy and jostling world, should seem to be as happy and contented as the day is long.

"Besides the main station where the superintendent lives, and which is situated about five miles

from the extreme western end, and three miles from the west end light house, there are three sub stations at regular intervals between it and the east end light, a distance of about fifteen miles; from the latter to the extreme eastern end at low tide is between four and five miles, the sub-stations and light-houses being connected by telephone with the main station. The men in charge of them are all married and most of them have families, and to each an assistant is attached who is always a single man. These, besides a force of four hands and a steward at the main station, together with the superintendent's family, form, it will be seen, quite an important population.

"Most of the physical wants of the people are provided for by the government, and an abundance of fresh milk and butter is furnished by the splendid milch cows, a sufficient number of which are attached to each station. Excellent beef is secured from a herd of cattle which are allowed to roam wild. All the dwelling houses are well constructed and comfortable, and at the main station is a sailors' home for use if accident renders it necessary to provide for a considerable number of people.

"The high ridges of sand surrounding the central depression seem to have been heaped up on a comparatively level surface by the fury of the storms which ever and anon sweep over the place from all quarters of the compass. A coarse rank grass about two feet high, covers these sand ridges, which in the more sheltered areas toward the centre is intermingled with considerable white clover, thus affording excellent pasturage. Small fresh-water ponds occupy the lower depressions and these are surrounded by a thin peaty soil which support a considerable plant life. Here cranberries grow in abundance and also blueberries, blackberries and strawberries in their seasons, and mounds covered with ground juniper are noticed in sheltered spots. Wild roses grow and flower profusely. In all, the island probably yields about 75 to 100 species of plants. A very marked feature of their growth, however, is that, with the exception of the wild grasses and a few wild flowers which appear above the soil but for two or three months in summer, scarcely any plant grows to a height of more than a few inches. The apparent reason of all this stuntedness is that during severe storms the exposed shoots are so injured by the sand blown along with the wind, that they die away above the point where they are protected from its impact.

"One willow is the sole survivor of a hundred and fifty of its kind which were planted a few years ago as an experiment. So furious is the impact of this fine quartz sand, that during a storm whole window panes are as completely frosted as if ground in a glass factory, and when stepped upon in places where it is thoroughly dry, it emits a peculiar sound which has somewhat the character of a musical tone. Small fields of vegetables, for the most part in a thriving condition, are to be seen near all the stations, but they are practically growing in manure furrowed in the sand. Timothy hay grows in a richly manured enclosure about the main station, but red clover, though sown at times, will not seed, owing, no doubt, to an entire lack of bumble bees, which it is known are necessary to the fertilization of the blossoms.

"A very interesting phenomenon

which we had called to our attention is the presence of fresh water in almost any place between the sand-ridges where one may choose to dig, provided he does not go to a depth below sea level, where it becomes as briny as the ocean. The presence of this fresh water floating thus upon the salt is due to the collection of the drainage from the ridges being prevented from running off by the capillary attraction caused by the closely packed particles of sand. From the presence of the salt water underneath the fresh, it is evident that the ocean permeates the whole island below the sea level, but to what depth of course is unknown, no borings having ever been made. The fresh water, in any well dug on the sand, is observed to rise and fall with the tide.

"The wild life of Sable Island, though limited, is especially interesting. Besides the horses and cattle, immense numbers of seals may be seen at any hour of the day, either lying in long rows on the beaches, or swimming along in the surf not more than a pistol shot from the shore. They are chiefly harbor seals (phoca vitulina) though now and again we observed a herd of the large bearded (eriguathus barbatus). Very odd, indeed, the former looked as, shooting up to the top of a roller, they turned their half-human looking faces toward us, and gazed intently as we rode by.

"To an ornithologist the island is especially interesting, for it is the sole known breeding ground of the Ipswich sparrow, whilst many species of shore birds rear their young on its warm sands. Terns innumerable deafen your ears with their shrill screaming at every step, eager, no doubt, to protect their eggs and young, which swarm upon the sand. Roseate, gull-bill, arctic and common terns, all mingle in clouds above your head, whilst in the distance wheel and circle shearwaters, hagdons and huge saddle-back gulls. Of game birds, blue-wing ducks, brown and white ring-necks and hill-plover, jack-snipe, curlew and yellow legs are all abundant. The spotted sandpiper, most clever of all birds in concealing its nest, is also plentiful. Here and there along the beach we noticed long thin rows of what at a distance looked like seaweed, but which upon close inspection proved to be dense myriads of minute shrimps washed up by the waves, and which evidently furnished an important item of the bill of fare of the numberless wild-fowl constantly darting upon them. Small pieces of water-worn peat we also observed cast up by the sea, similar to that I have already mentioned is to be found in the centre of the island. These objects, which look in the distance like stones, reminded us somewhat of what the former extent of the island must have been and of its present constantly diminishing area. Dark patches of magnetic sand were noticeable in places, probably the out-cropping of huge masses of it which may be imbedded in the island, and which some authorities think cause the derangement of ships' compasses resulting in wrecks. Another theory regarding wrecks, and probably the correct one, is, that the constant set of the currents from the Grand Banks directly towards the island, throw ship captains sailing westward considerably out of their course if they neglect to allow for it and cast them upon these treacherous sands, almost before aware of their danger. This westerly drift being, as a general rule, well

understood nowadays, wrecks upon Sable Island are becoming comparatively infrequent, the average being one per year; though upon all sides we came across remains of ancient ill-fated vessels projecting, ghost-like from the sand. The last fatality happened in April of this year, when the *Crofton Hall*, a four-masted British bark of some two thousand tons, ran ashore during a fog upon the south-eastern end of the island. All her crew and passengers were landed safely in the surf boats, though a high sea was running at the time. She now lies well up on the beach, sunk in the sand to her main deck, with her masts and spars still standing, and looks at a distance as if fitting out for sea. She is broken in two, however, and probably will not long withstand the ceaseless battering to which she is exposed. She presents in her present condition a sad epitome of the dangers of a 'life on the ocean wave.'

"In riding through the long grass we noticed now and again swarms of grass-hoppers—Rocky Mountain locusts. These at one time threatened to consume all the vegetation on the island, until reduced in numbers by the introduction of barn-yard poultry, turkeys proving especially destructive to them.

"A good story may be told, by the way, of a particularly knowing gobbler which struts around the main station, and when meal time arrives hops gravely upon the railing which surrounds the verandah, along which he walks to where a bell is suspended some two feet above it. Seizing the rope which depends from the tongue of the bell, he strikes three or four resonant tones, then hops down and waits patiently for something to eat; if this is not soon forthcoming, he in a short time repeats the performance, and keeps it up until attended to."

For The Sailors' Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF A SAILOR.

BY ALBERT REMICK.

(*Concluded from the October number.*)

Nothing of moment occurred after leaving our late storms until one day we were very much surprised to find ourselves in company with a very large green whale; he made his appearance very quietly, and swam alongside with us about half an hour. All at once he spurted up a stream of water from his nose, lashed the water with his tail, dove under the ship and came up on the other side, and then sank out of sight. After this the monotony of the voyage was only cheered by the thought that every day drew us nearer home. Finally we struck across the Gulf Stream in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras. After a pleasant day's sailing suddenly the clouds were black and water foaming; the wind changed to the opposite direction and orders were given for all hands to shorten sail. It was so black you could not see your hand before you, then such flashes of lightning you could see a pin on deck. It was the hardest

thunderstorm of the whole voyage. This gale lasted two days, when we stood in again to cross the Gulf Stream. After crossing it found ourselves suddenly in a fog which lasted three nights and three days. All this time we were blowing horns, ringing the ship's bell, and firing cannon, to warn other vessels. Sometimes by sounding we found only one and a half fathoms of water to spare; at times we could hear the surf break on the shore, and be compelled to tack and stand out to sea. The captain was on top of the cabin not daring to sleep during the whole time. On the afternoon of the third day we sighted a schooner right under our bow. She hailed us and asked for provisions. Our captain asked him what he wanted, and he said "everything," as they only had a few biscuits left; so we hove the ship to, lowered a boat, filled it with provisions and started for the schooner where we had last seen her. After rowing a short time we made her out, and just as we reached her the fog began to lift as a curtain and the shore was plainly visible on our port side and astern. As we made fast to the schooner, one of the sailors bent down over the side and said to me "Say, have you any tobacco?" They had lost their deck load of lumber, and all their provisions were gone, and the first thing he asked for was tobacco, which of course he got.

That night we made the light on Cape Henry. After our pilot had relieved the captain we sailed up to Hampton Roads where we cast anchor to wait for orders. Next day orders came for the ship to proceed to Liverpool, and as the ship was bound for a foreign port the crew were entitled to a discharge. I, with nearly all the crew, decided to leave the ship. Although the captain promised to make me an officer, provided I would finish the voyage with him, my whole desire then was to go home, as I felt that a sailor's life was a dog's life at best. I preferred to try to live on shore and for the past forty-three years have succeeded very well.

The steam tug brought down several land sharks, otherwise called boarding-house runners, to secure the sailors for their usual treatment, namely, to fill them with whisky until they got all their money, then ship them again on a new voyage. This is the sailor's life as I know it; with no one to protect him, he becomes the prey of these human vultures; handed about as so much property with no will of his own; he is in liquor and under the guidance of these vultures until his money is gone; then he must ship again or starve; naturally he ships and the runner draws his advance pay and stands by him till that is gone; then he is off to sea again, the same story to be repeated at the next port of discharge. As an illustration: we landed at Norfolk just after five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, just in time to see the steamer for Baltimore start out, but not in time to catch her. As soon as we got to the wharf I left my chum in charge of our luggage and ran to the ship agent's office to get our checks cashed. I got there just as they were closing the office, and they paid our two checks, the only ones cashed that night. Then my chum and myself went to the best hotel, and stayed till the next Baltimore steamer, on Monday, at 5 p. m. As I was walking down to the steamer on Monday afternoon, in passing a groggery I heard my

name called by some one inside, and there was my old shipmate Sam, who had promised such good behavior, on occount of his broken ribs, if he were permitted to get on shore once more. He was drunk and in a fighting humor; he wanted me to take a parting drink, saying he had spent every cent of his voyage money and now must ship again. It was a sad case, but I could not help him, neither could I stay with him, as I had to push on to catch the steamer, and I left poor Sam to his fate. At last in Boston where we found our friends all well, and happy to welcome us.

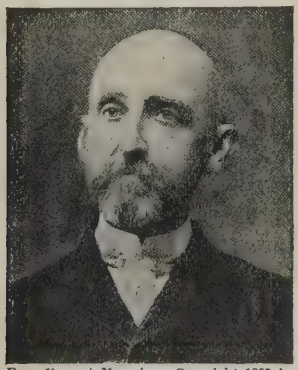
CAPTAIN MAHAN.

Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan, D. C. L., LL. D., of the United States navy, is now a member of the strategy board sitting at Washington, supervising the general plan of operations of the navy of the United States in the war with Spain. He was summoned home from Rome to serve on this board, the officials at Washington deeming it imperative that the nation should have the benefit of his genius at this time when the nation is making history so fast along lines of expansion which his clear vision foresaw years ago. Captain Mahan is the author of four works of history—The Influence of Sea Power upon History, The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire, The Life of Nelson,—the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain, and The Life of Admiral Farragut—which have given him a rank as an authority on the philosophy of history, and especially of naval history, unequaled by any writer of the past or present. His books have received official recognition from the governments of the United States and Great Britain, being found in the service and ship libraries of these powers, and being used as text books in their naval colleges. They have received the enthusiastic commendation of Emperor William of Germany, who, whatever else he may be, is an alert, thoroughly informed student of military history and literature. Oxford and Cambridge Universities have conferred upon Captain Mahan the degrees of D. C. L. and LL D., and Harvard also has given him the degree of LL.D. The *London Times* has no hesitation in describing him as "the most distinguished living writer on naval strategy, and the originator and first exponent of the philosophy of naval history." His contributions to the American and British monthly magazines and reviews, together with his books, are doing more to shape the thought and mold the present and future foreign policies of Great Britain and the United States than those of any other man.

In our issue of March 31 we called attention editorially to his remarkable statement, made in Holy Trinity Church in Brooklyn, of his faith in Christianity, as a matter of personal, vital, redeeming force. It is our privilege in the following article to give additional proof of the beauty and quality of the Christian character of this most eminent of American naval historians. In these days of war, when history is making so rapidly, it is a cause of profound joy that, as one by one the heroes of our army and navy rise from

posts of comparative obscurity to world-wide fame, we learn how splendid a type of Christian manhood is serving us in the front. Mahan, Dewey, Sampson, Hobson and the dead Gridley, as their characters have become the theme of scrutiny and analysis, have been revealed as active, devout Christians.

The following narrative is taken from a sermon recently preached by the Rev. A. H. Plumb, D.D.



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In Roxbury, Mass., is a valued member of one of the Baptist churches who has been for over twenty-five years a faithful teacher of a Bible class. When a lad of seventeen he enlisted in the navy. One evening during the Civil War, as the vessel on which he was serving, the United States steamer *Muscoota*, was lying at Key West, he was reflecting on his mother's desire that he might know the happy experience of a follower of Christ. He says now it has always seemed as if there might be some connection between his mother's prayers for him that evening and the fact that he then came under the powerful influence of a man who, more than any other, was to shape his destiny for time and eternity. He knows that from the first breath of his life to the last breath of his mother's her soul went up in perpetual appeal to God in behalf of his soul. Just then, with a strange sense of admiration and pride, he saw approaching, standing upright in a boat, the tall, imposing form, clad in full uniform, of the man who was to take command as the executive officer of the ship, Lieutenant-Commander Alfred Thayer Mahan, a man whom all on board soon learned to honor and love.

From his father, a distinguished professor at West Point, Lieut. Mahan had inherited a thoughtful mind, capable of seeing with appreciation and expressing with force the great truths which bear on human character and destiny. From both his parents, for his mother was a woman conspicuous for her religious influence, he had received those noble impulses which led him to live a deeply religious life. Every night when the weather permitted, all hands who could be spared were called aft while he read evening prayers, and on Sunday the service conducted by him not infrequently attracted to the ship many of the officers and men of the entire fleet. He took a personal interest in the religious welfare of the men individually and, while never forgetful of the dignity belonging to his position as an officer and a gentleman, he would often at the close of a service give a cordial invitation to any one who desired to converse with him on the subject of personal religion, a privilege which our friend and many others embraced, to their lasting good. For it was the example and personal influence of this kind Christian gentleman that led this young man and others

of his shipmates into a new life, and some time after this when the vessel was again at Key West, he received Christian baptism, Lieutenant-Commander Mahan and the wife of the resident clergyman standing as his sponsors.

When the term of enlistment was over and he thought of returning to civil life, Lieutenant Mahan urged upon him in frequent conversations, and also in a long and still carefully treasured letter, the great need of Christian men in the navy, and the importance of seeking divine guidance in choosing one's position in life. It is not difficult to read between the lines of this remarkable letter those views of the great importance of the sea power of the nations which have since commanded the attention of the great governments of the world, and to which our countrymen, especially just now, are compelled to give heed. Following is an extract from the letter:

Can any one doubt the necessity for honest, God-fearing workers among the crews of our men-of-war? Officers may do much, but I would not dare to say that the work of one whose daily life was among them was not at least equal in benefit to the crew. . . . One thing I desire very much, that you bear the spiritual needs of seamen constantly in your prayers to the throne of grace. . . . To me the noblest reach of faith in a servant of God, so exalted that I hardly dare hope to reach it, but that I remember His grace is sufficient for me, is that of the man who through discouragement and failures yet presses on in his allotted path; who is content with the humblest post, the most apparently fruitless labors, because he judges Him faithful who promised. Of such faith well might it be said by the apostle, "It is more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire." . . . No, I can promise you no earthly reward, no earthly success; those are in God's hands. But I do not fear to promise you the great reward in heaven, for I have His word for that: "He that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously." Some there will be at that day to be "your hope, your joy, your crown of rejoicing."

However, the lives of the lieutenant and the corporal of marines thereafter diverged, borne by counter currents into different seas. But one Lord's Day in 1875, when the present citizen of Roxbury was partaking of the holy communion at St. Stephen's Church in Florence Street, Boston, as he and those with him were rising from their knees he found to his surprise that the gentleman who had knelt at his side was his former commanding officer and his father in Christ. A mutual and happy recognition took place. Twenty years later, when the world was echoing with the praises of Captain Mahan as an author on naval problems, and when the distinguished officer was invited to Massachusetts and was the guest of honor at Cambridge University, receiving the highest degree, our friend ventured to write him a brief and modest letter, joining in the congratulations of the hour, and assuring him that the fires of devotion he had helped to kindle on the altar of the young sailor's heart so long ago were still aflame.

There came this prompt reply:

SLUMBERSIDE, QUOGUE, L. I.,
June 11, 1895.

My Dear ——: I was very glad to receive your letter of the 8th and to learn from it that the world has gone well with you—the common ups and downs, sorrows and joys, true, but upon the whole

well. I remember you very distinctly after all these days, as well as meeting you in Boston in 1875. I give you joy sincerely that you have been able to maintain your Christian profession throughout. Doubtless, like us all, you could wish many things had been better done, and some left undone; but all the same, if we have not parted from Him, we may hope there will be peace at the last. My own life has been happy. . . . As you have seen in the papers, I made a little stir in England, but, except that, my life has been uneventful.

With thanks for your letter and best wishes for your future here and hereafter,

Most sincerely yours,

A. T. MAHAN.

Mark the earnest and patient endeavor of Captain Mahan to awaken the beginnings and watch over the unfolding of the Christian life in the lads under his command. He interested his pious mother in their spiritual welfare. From her hand our friend received a valued copy of The Imitation of Christ, and in another book the hand of the officer himself inscribed the name of the young marine as he presented it to the lad—a book designed to explain and enforce the teaching of the Bible. That book was shown to me the other day by the recipient in his store. He says he has always kept it close at hand to take up when he desired to refresh his spiritual life, or to find some instructive thoughts to present to others in the prayer meeting. I found it was the same book which not three months ago I selected from all others to give to a young clergyman—Thoughts on Personal Religion, by Dean Goulburn.—*The Congregationalist.*

THE STRUGGLE FOR CHARACTER.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was both a philosopher and a land-lubber, once wrote with evident seriousness his opinion of going to sea. Says the doctor, "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail with the chance of being drowned." Not satisfied with this thorough-going arraignment of the seaman's calling, he adds, "A man in a jail has more room, better food and commonly better company."

Now if all the bad little boys in the world could be indoctrinated into Dr. Johnson's maritime theories, there would doubtless be less nonsense talked and less folly believed about the joys of a seafaring life. Consequently there would be less frequent disappointment and far fewer heartbreaks among the young lads who have chosen to go down to the sea in ships. It is all very romantic in the songs and the story-books; very romantic, too, in the plays and the pictures; but the facts—alas, how dismal! how pitiful! The grim seriousness of the experiment becomes tardily evident when the man who went to sea for adventure and travel and pleasure finds that sailoring has unfitted him for any honest pursuit on land, and that he has all but irretrievably committed himself to a career which not only involves continual hardship, but works the inevitable distortion, if not the utter undoing, of character. Though the seaman's peculiar virtues are conspicuously brilliant, his failings are equally startling, and your able seaman is

at best very far from the attainments of a well-rounded manhood.

If sailors are bad, it is because they are made bad, and I dare say there are a lot of worthy gentlemen "aboard land" who would as speedily go to ruin if they were stowed down in a fo'c'sle and sent to sea. One trouble with sailors is that they have left home too young, another is that they are bossed all the while they are afloat and not bossed at all when they go ashore, and a third is that they lead an artificial life, with nothing to cultivate self-control or common sense. They are separated from religious influences, they have little or no Sunday rest to remind them of spiritual things, and they are removed from the society of women. Nor is this last observation by any means trivial. The soldier, the buccaneer, the gold digger and the broncho-buster are not more harmed by the lack of feminine influences than is the rollicking lob-lolly boy before the mast. His ocean life is a continual stag party.

So, in the very nature of the case, the toilers of the sea are seriously handicapped in their struggle for character. Note, too, what happens as the stanch old hooker makes port. All the perils of the ocean are left behind, but now poor Jack must face the perils of the land. He is at last restored to his kind, and his kind receive him gladly. Like Mr. Carroll's crocodile, they welcome him with gently smiling jaws. They have long been awaiting his arrival; and, having seen him afar off, they eagerly come forth to meet him. Hardly has the main truck of his dear "barky" been seen above the horizon when the "mosquito fleet," with its half a dozen dories manned by the vilest scoundrels of the city slums, moves down the harbor. These human jackals know just when the good ship set sail. They know just what wages Jack receives and they can calculate to a dollar the contents of his wallet. What is more, they know Jack's feelings well enough to be unerringly sure of their prey. The jolly tar is in high spirits over the conclusion of his voyage; he is delighted to be once more among throngs of men. His pay has come all in a lump to a fellow who never handles coin at sea, and it is not unnatural that such a man should spend money recklessly as a mere outlet for exuberant good feeling. His prolonged isolation from the world makes him gullible and improvident, and when he has "spliced the main brace" with a little "close-reef" he will become yet more so. As he is away from home he is freed from the fetters of social restraint. He may do as he likes because he thinks nobody will know, and this fact, taken with the sudden relaxation of the abstemious routine of ship-life, constitutes an appalling temptation toward debauchery. Jack feels like some spirited wild animal suddenly let out of his cage. And all this the devils in the dory understand perfectly well. Brown bottles are merrily passed from tarry hand to tarry hand, and Jack's feelings grow momently more genial, until at last he obligingly consents to go ashore with one of these rascals and to take lodgment in that hideous institution, a sailor boarding house, which means (*a*) that he will be robbed, or (*b*) that he will be swindled, or (*c*) that he will be both robbed and swindled, and (*d*) that to this cruel end he will be kept drunken. When at last the vampires of the port have got all

his hard-earned money and have run him deeply into real or fictitious debt, they will enable him to purchase the privilege of going to sea again by a reluctant sacrifice of his advance wages. The boarding house is not merely a trap for the unwary. It is commonly the only recognized shipping agency. Not to spend freely while in the boarding house master's clutches is not to be recommended to captains who come to him for crews.

This is the sort of organized villainy that prevails in nearly every port in the world, and for the poor, outraged seaman there is the same pathetic round of sailing, getting paid off, getting drunk, getting robbed and then shipping again with a forfeit of advance wages. Such an abomination is made possible and actual by the fact that the "boarding master" sells the men, slave fashion, to the captain, and the captain wants cheap men. The boarding master must impoverish the sailor in order to make him accept the "old man's" terms, which ghastly arrangement grinds poor Jack two ways at once and fattens the "boarding master" on ill-gotten gains. Thus does the dismal science of political economy help to explain the seaman's swift undoing.

Afloat again in a new ship, the wronged sailor finds time to philosophize, not only upon the hardness of his experience in port, but also upon the hardness of his life at sea. If his "jawing tackle" is taut, he will "growl" about the cook, who, by reason of the doleful messes he concocts, is familiarly known as the "doctor;" or about an unpleasant encounter with innumerable little weevils in the hardtack; or about the unexampled toughness of "salt horse;" or even the unpleasant monotonous recurrence of "soap and bullion." Matters on deck go wrong and Jack growls about being made to pound a rusty anchor for four hours at a stretch, merely because an uninventive second mate could contrive no other task to keep him busy; or about being sworn at for being a trifle hard of hearing when the wind is blowing great guns; or about being cuffed by an officer for misunderstanding some absurdly ambiguous order. He is used like a beaten dog, and complaint is his normal and continual frame of mind. If he has a grudge against the weather it is chiefly, if not solely, upon the occurrence of what he calls "an Irishman's hurricane, right up and down"—a phenomenon well known to readers of Kipling as a "dead calm." But of the greatest grievance of all Jack seldom speaks—namely, the dangerous character of his calling. Having twice felt the tremor of grounding and once the shock of collision, having watched the bark *Marion* burn to the water's edge, having seen the well-found ship *Lornty* turn turtle and go to the bottom, and well remembering the sense of blank despair when a lubberly captain officially announced to the ship's company his conviction that we should never again see land—I think I appreciate the awful perils of the deep. And such perils have their influence upon character. They that "do business in great waters" are inevitably hardened by the hardness of their life.

A calamity almost as grievous as those wrought by the perils of the sea or the harpies of the ports results from the galling uncertainty of employment. In hard times an old sea dog finds it extremely difficult to ship, because

younger men are always preferred. The crews of coastwise craft are unable to follow their calling more than seven months in the twelve, and the same is true of the vast horde of sailors that man the merchant marine of the Great Lakes. Incapable of anything but improvidence, a sailor is in sore straits when navigation closes. Without money, he must go in search of employment, and, as he knows no trade but sailing, it must be employment at unskilled labor. He hears that he is wanted in the lumber camps, or that, if he can go South, he may possibly find something to do and escape the rigors of winter. But how shall he travel? He will soon learn. He must "beat" his way; he must practice all the devices of the tramp; he must, in short, become an involuntary "Weary Waggles" for the time being. And there are not many men of the sailor's make-up who can afford to discover how easily one may live without working, for here and there among seamen, as among landsmen, is the indolent fellow, who, under the stress of discouragement or as the result of intemperance, will reluctantly adopt the life of the "hobo." Mr. Frank Willard, now famous as "Josiah Flynt," the gifted student of vagrant humanity, would do well to settle down in some such lake port as Buffalo and observe the evolution of the roadster out of the mariner.

I have said that the sense of danger hardens a seafaring man, but it is also worth noting that it makes him very approachable on his religious side. The French say, "If a man would learn to pray let him go to sea," and that shrewd analyst of character, Geoffrey Chaucer, though he tells us concerning his "shipman" that "of nyce conscience took he no keep," still sends him riding a pious pilgrimage "the holy blisful martir for to seke." If Schleiermacher is right in finding the origin of religion in a sense of dependence, one cannot be surprised that sailors are almost universally believers. It is even true that there are consistent Christian lives lived before the mast. The sea has its own silent lessons of God and His might, man and his feebleness, life and its uncertainty. Never have I been more deeply thrilled with religious feeling than once when, in mid-Atlantic, I stood in the steamer's prow at night, watching the great ship reel and heave and pitch, sending her yellow top-lights swimming and flickering across the starless sky, and seeming now and then to bury the low-set red or the green ones in the tumbling waves, while between gusts of wind came the words of a hymn, sung by a crowd of simple steerage folk, "Jesus—Saviour—*pilot me!*"

So the sailor has his gentler side, and I should do him great wrong if I did not add that he has also his distinguished virtues. At sea he is industrious and temperate, honest and courageous, and his is a courage not unmixed with tenderness. I know of a sea captain who once in a great storm stood weeping before all his men, yet his grief was not over his own peril, but only lest he should lose his ship. Sailors are honest, too, except while "holding a yarn," when, of course, they are not to be taken too seriously. Every old salt has been round the world in a spiral, seen the *Flying Dutchman* go glimmering by, been blown up by torpedoes, eaten by sharks, drowned once or twice, if not of-

tener, and occasionally cast upon some remote and dangerous strand, where, after inconceivable hardships, he married the queen of the island. Wherever you find the sailor he is generous and kind, and he certainly means to do right. When he remembers his sins he says, trustfully, "God won't be hard on a poor fellow; for to live hard, work hard, die hard, and go to hell after all, would be hard indeed."

Now and then in my reading I run upon these musical lines by Thomas Buchanan Read:

O happy ship,
To rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your lip!

O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails and sails and sings anew.

Charming poetry, but as false as it is romantic! And yet, whenever in passing through the city streets I catch a momentary glimpse of the masts and spars of the ships at their wharves, my own fancy is irresistibly kindled, but if my heart goes sailing with the "happy crew" it has no song to sing save the lines from that tenderest evening hymn by Baring-Gould:

Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

—*Rollin Lynde Hart, in The Congregationalist.*

"JACKY" AS HE WAS AND IS.

Thus he is styled colloquially by the men who command him; in their more formal speech he becomes a "blue-jacket." In official language he is generically termed an "enlisted man," or is specifically designated by his rating as a "landsman" or "seaman," or "petty officer," as the case may be. In Anglo Saxon sea parlance, the world over, he is a hand "before the mast."

Jacky at the present time is undergoing a "sea change," and what he will become as a consequence of the evolution in means and methods of naval warfare now in progress, it is hardly possible to predict. He has long since lost all resemblance to the briny "shiver-my-timbers" mariner of Cooper and the sea-novels generally. True, when he comes ashore he still wears the bell-bottomed trousers, and the loose shirt with the big turn-over collar, and the flat cap on the back of his head, and the loosely flowing neckerchief; and perhaps he will have a bit of a roll in his gait. But appearances are not always reliable, and despite his nautical semblance, you may discover that he belongs to the so-called "artificer branch," and is a "coal-passer," or a "fireman," and knows as little about topgallants and stu'n'-sails as the veriest haymaker who never left the farm. And even if you do find him, say, an "ordinary seaman," still you cannot safely picture him passing the weather earing or laying aloft to furl the royals until you have looked up the description of the ship, the name of which in gilded letters adorns his cap-band. Should it be *Lancaster*, or *Alliance*, or *Essex*, or *Enterprise*, you can give your imagination some play; but if it read *Puritan*, or *Indiana*, or *Amphitrite*, or *Texas*, you might just as well weave your sea romance about the gripman on a trolley-car; for sails and rigging

are as much out of place on these grim steel monsters as their turrets and armor plating would be on the old *St. Louis* or *Vermont*, or *Constitution*.

The fact is Jacky is losing his "jackiness"—if one may coin a term which sums up all that is popularly nautical—and under the crowding pressure of the machine is developing into something entirely new, and as different from the sailor of the past as the *Iowa* is unlike the *Minnesota* or the *Franklin*.

In the old days he was, first of all, a seaman, and taught to fight wind and weather first and the enemy incidentally. To-day there is ten thousand horse-power under him which can take care of the vagaries of Neptune and Boreas far more efficiently than he ever could; and so he no longer sails ships, but fights them. For years he struggled gallantly enough against the inroads of the mechanic. A man-of-war should have no appliances which the boatswain, carpenter and sail-maker cannot repair, was his cardinal belief. Even after steam gained too firm a foothold in the navy ever to be again dislodged it was many a day before it held more than an auxiliary place. Once off soundings, down came the telescoping smokestack, then "lay aft everybody and hoist the screw" out of water. then call, "All hands make sail"; and in a few minutes the ship goes heeling over under her great spread of canvas, and dashing along with no more help from boilers or engines than if Messrs. Watt and Fulton and the rest of them had never interfered to fill her hull with iron kettles and grimy coal and dirty ashes and bad-smelling oil. But the steam cylinders grew in numbers, and the graceful spars and swelling sails disappeared; and instead of the tramp of hundreds of feet heaving up the anchor or hoisting the topsails to the lilt of fife or fiddle, there is the monotonous "chug-chug" of the omnipresent steam-winch with which a grimy man handles loads that would defy the "beef" of the strongest ship's company that ever floated.

So the ancient Jacky has nearly gone out of the navy—along with the smooth-bore guns and the running rigging. Not wholly gone, because we still retain some of the old ships, mainly for sentimental reasons, on the navy list; and a few of the new gunboats are provided with sails, because there are times when a man-of-war can cruise just as well under canvas as under steam, and so save money for her owners. Then, besides, we still cling to the old Jacky education. We teach knotting and splicing ropes, and loosening and reefing and furling sail, and getting up and down yards and fitting rigging, to the young enlisted apprentices, with the same gravity and insistence that we enforce this obsolescent knowledge upon their future commanders at Annapolis. We simply cannot get rid of the idea that the real difference between the sailorman and the landlubber is, that the former has his information stored away somewhere in his noddle and the latter has not, regardless of the fact that it may be quite as useless for all practical purposes to the one as to the other.

As the machines came in to supplant his muscles it became evident that new outlets for Jack's energies were needed. Unlike his brother in the merchant service he had never been enlisted in numbers determined on the basis of

sail power. A steam frigate carried ordinarily ten times as many hands as a merchantman of equal tonnage and spread of canvas, mainly because the war-vessel had to have enough men to handle her battery. Consequently, when steam supplanted sail on the private trader, Jacky gave chief and exclusive place to the engine-driver, but on the war-ship he remained at his guns. Even when the machines invaded these, and either replaced his brawn altogether or multiplied its power, still he stayed on board, because unlike his merchant brother he is a military force, and there must be enough of him to man boat expeditions and furnish prize crews and constitute naval brigades when the ships send their crews ashore to fight alongside the "sojers."

The result is that Jacky's development has taken place in a different direction. Like a plant cut off at the top, he has put forth a new shoot; and that particular shoot—or kind of shoot—is beginning to be more important than the original stock. It sent eleven Spanish ships to the bottom of Manila harbor, and piled up six more on the Cuban beach. In brief, and without further yielding to punning temptations, Jacky, who used to be more sailor than gunner, is now more gunner than sailor. Just in proportion as he has ceased to be a part of the great engine on which he lives, so he has come more and more into the control of it. And as the cardinal purpose of a war-ship is to hit things with her projectiles, Jacky has become a specialist in getting that work out of her. He does it in two places—at the guns and at the engines. Correctly pointed guns are of no use, unless the platform on which they rest is put in proper relation to the thing to be hit, and kept there; equally it is useless to get the ship into proper place unless the guns are correctly pointed. Men who can do either of these things must have natural capacities and be susceptible of education, and only men of this sort are eligible for our navy.

Accordingly the "beach-comber," or the "rock-scorpion," or any other variety of that ruck of marine refuse which drifts around the great maritime ports, and ship in any craft where "grub" is plenty and work light, no longer slings his hammock on Uncle Sam's berth-deck, as he used to do to the shame of the service in years gone by. Nor can the tramp, nor the jail-bird, nor even the incorrigible black sheep of the family thus be provided for to the relief of constables and long-suffering relatives. No man or boy can now pass a United States recruiting officer unless he is clean, healthy, honest, young, strong and intelligent; nor can he afterward get that advancement, which is certainly open to him without fear or favor, unless he continues to show aptitude and ability.

The physical examination prior to enlistment is rigid. The United States wants no ready-made pensioners. It takes the recruit as nature made him and inspects him microscopically. It has especial objections to people with defective vision or who have confused notions as to the difference between red and green—gun sights and the enemy have got to be perceived very clearly, and an error as to the color of signals and whether an approaching ship is showing her starboard or port side light may end in disaster.

Foreigners are not barred out ex-

cept in so far as they may fail to comply with the requirement that the recruit must speak and understand the English language. The shipping articles and laws relating to enlistments are read to him and explained, and comprehension of them is pretty well assured by the intimation that anything fraudulent about the enlistment will lead to a court-martial. As a matter of fact the navy is mainly composed of American-born citizens, and the proportion is steadily augmenting. The statements of certain European journals that it is a Babel of nationalities, and of the London *Engineer* in particular, that it has 3,000 Swedes who cannot be relied upon to fight for the flag, are destitute of foundation.

An adult enlisting for the first time, if he choose the seaman branch, is rated as "landsman." The precise duties of this position have been concisely defined as "doing anything you are told to do, and that blanked quick." If he prefer the artificer branch, he may be a "coal-passer," and start his naval experience shoveling coal into and out of the bunkers. He may begin a medical career as a "bayman," or hospital attendant, for which, before going to work, he will receive a special course of instruction. He will not be accepted as either landsman or coal-passer if he is over thirty years of age, nor as bayman if above thirty-five. As landsman he will be paid monthly sixteen dollars; as bayman, eighteen dollars, and as coal-passer, twenty-two dollars. The enlistment period varies. If it be for duty in cruising vessels it is three years; in ships of the coast survey, not to exceed five years; and in receiving or stationary ships, shore stations, etc., one year.

To minors the navy offers an education, through its apprentice system. Boys between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, who are required to be intelligent and to be able to read and write, are enlisted to remain in the service until their majority. They are sent to the training station at Newport, where they are regularly taught the essentials of an English education, the drills of the navy, and the rudiments of seamanship and gunnery. They make two cruises on training vessels, and then, if their aptitude is considered satisfactory, they are transferred to regular ships of the navy, with the rating of second-class apprentices.

If a man has already had some nautical experience, or is skilled in a trade which is utilized in the navy, he may enlist under different conditions. If he has been to sea, not necessarily in the navy, for two years "before the mast," he may be rated at once as an "ordinary seaman" with a monthly pay of nineteen dollars; or if his sea service has been twice as long, he may be rated as a "seaman" at twenty-four dollars per month. In the trades and callings the navy employs shipwrights, blacksmiths, plumbers and fitters, sailmakers, machinists, boiler-makers, coppersmiths, firemen, apothecaries, painters, stewards, cooks, mess attendants, band-masters, musicians and buglers. Of these the blacksmiths, plumbers, machinists, boiler-makers, coppersmiths, apothecaries, painters and bandmasters are all "petty officers" and wear coats with brass buttons and caps with visors, and not the blue shirt. The status of a "petty officer" is similar to that of a non-commissioned officer in the army—although there is no

such correspondence between non-commissioned grades in the two services as there is between the commissioned grades. The highest paid specialists are chief machinist (petty officer), who receives seventy dollars per month, first-class fireman (not a petty officer), who gets thirty-five dollars per month, and steward to a commander or commander-in-chief, who is paid forty-five dollars per month. All trade workers, and machinists especially, are required to pass a strict examination in their several callings before acceptance.

Enlistments are made sometimes at recruiting offices or "naval rendezvous" which are established in various places throughout the country, sometimes directly in cruising ships, and sometimes at navy-yards or receiving-ships. The receiving-ship is simply temporary quarters for recruits awaiting assignment to regular cruisers, or an abiding-place for men whose terms have expired and pending their re-enlistment. The vessel is frequently some old three decker, like the *Vermont* at the New York Navy-Yard, which has long since been obsolete, or even a famous craft like Farragut's last flag-ship, the *Franklin*, which thirty years ago aroused the admiration of all Europe, but now, shorn of her glory of spars and rigging and looking more like a Noah's ark than a "crack" frigate, reposes peaceably in the mud at Norfolk.

Here the recruit passes under all the restrictions of discipline, and spends his time in drills and instruction until some cruising ship calls for men to fill vacancies, or a vessel is to be newly fitted out, and then he falls in with the rest of the draft to which he belongs and proceeds with his clothes-bag and hammock to wherever his future home may be.—*Park Benjamin, in The Independent.*

BOTTLES AND BATTLE SHIPS.

Jack Tar has his notions about how a ship ought to be launched. There is naval orthodoxy on the subject. A virgin and not a married woman should break the bottle over the bow as the keel kisses the water. Should there be "death in the pot," that is, should there be default of tallow, or hitch in the "dogs" or "ways" or "shores" or "cradle," the omen is sinister. Should she stick fast and not float before sundown, then the ship is irredeemably "unlucky." She will founder, sink, or be captured.

Critical historical science can tell you why, in 1813, the *Chesapeake* was captured by the *Shannon*. On the one side was a raw and mutinous crew, with the death, early in the action, of the commander. On the other side was one of the finest ships in the British Navy, having a captain to match her, with a superb crew under the best discipline—a unit of intelligent force against disorganization. All this, however, to Jack Tar is as but the dust in the balance, when weighed against the fact that in launching, the *Chesapeake* stuck fast on the ways. She reached water only after repeated trials. No wonder she struck her flag under the treacherous broadside of the *Leopard*, nor strange, in the sea-dog's eye, her final capture and her permanent doom, first as a trophy-hulk and last as

the timber frame of an English grist-mill.

Far be it from the descendant of a long line of seamen to be a willing heretic. The orthodoxy of ship-launching is not to be trifled with by any new wind or wave of doctrine or by the cunning craft of parsons and land-lubbers. Nevertheless, we protest against those pagan notions derived from the devotees of Bacchus and believers in Neptune, which still rule deck and yard. When men really believed in the muddy god of the trident, it was appropriate that, as the ship first touched water, a bottle of wine should be offered in propitiation of Neptune. Yet even the ancient lovers of Bacchus might be startled at seeing the modern man pouring not wine, but fire-water. Not content with the mild juices of the grape, whisky and brandy soil the bows of our battle-ships.

If men were content merely to pour alcohol into water, whether to frighten the fishes or to pay tribute to Neptune, the harm might be little enough; but they who wet the bows are apt to wet their whistles, also. The potency of brandy to steal away brains is now none the less in these days of specialization than in Shakespeare's. The ancient man drank wine, but distillation has multiplied frightfully the possibilities of danger and the potencies of disaster. Our highly specialized commanders need not less, but more, brain, and whisky is a brain thief. Those who, *per aliam*, pour whisky over the bow from a broken bottle, are very likely to make a funnel of their throats. What has come of such procedure is known to readers of naval records.

Are sailors in more danger from strong drink than soldiers? We do not affirm this. We do but believe that some of the most awful disasters that have overtaken the arms of the United States, both on land and sea, have come from alcohol in the stomach and on the brain. Who does not recall our *Oneida* and the British *Victoria*, both of which went down like a flash. Perhaps alcohol had nothing to do with either disaster. Some think it had.

The phrase and the fling, "Dutch courage," suggests an injustice, but also a fact. It is the inheritance, in English speech, of the abominable prejudices bred by the naval wars between Commonwealth and Republic and between King and Stadholder. The British were beaten off enough by the Dutch to compel respect, and Dutch courage was something else than recklessness born of the fumes of alcohol. Nevertheless, it can be shown, that the decline of Dutch sea power ran parallel with the increase of the use of strong drink, through the importation of Oriental and other distillations which changed the common drink from beer to gin and brandy. It is a matter of prosaic fact that the abolition of the grog ration in the British service marked a tremendous advance in the health, morals and strength of the entire service. In the United States Navy the improvement has been wonderful. It is rare now to find under the Stars and Stripes any of the "floating hells" which used to disgrace our marine service. In spite of the glorious traditions and grand victories of the past, we make bold to affirm that at no time in our history was there a better body of sailors under the American flag than at the present time.

The launch of the ship means a change of worlds. It is the mo-

ment of her birth, when she joins the company of her living sisters. This symbolism of life is brought out beautifully by the Japanese. My earliest childhood's remembrances are of seeing the *Susquehanna* slide into the Delaware to become Commodore Perry's ship in bearing the olive-branch to Japan. Now, besides availing themselves of the resources of Europe, these sons of the Far East have come to our own navy-yards. The *Chitosé*, by the Pacific, and still on her stocks, and the *Kasagi* (built almost within sight of William Penn's treaty monument), and launched January 20, float the Japanese flag. They are swift cruisers. Since the beginning of their modern navy, the Japanese have used a ceremony rich in symbolism and free from any and all associations with alcohol, sea-myths, dragons, danger or disaster.

When ready for her new life there is suspended from a spar overhanging the ship's bow a sphere, two feet or so in diameter, overladen with the choicest of beautiful flowers. This sphere or globe, which in itself is an emblem of the soul, contains several doves, that wait to share with the ship her new freedom. As the vessel "feels the thrill of life along her keel," a white ribbon is pulled. Then, like the rind of an orange, the concentric strips fall open. The birds appear in a vision of joyful motion, the flowers fall in a perfumed shower, and liberated life meets life and welcomes it.

Who will not say that this, both in symbol and reality, is exquisitely beautiful? Back of the fable is sentiment also. Oriental art and lore have long expressed themselves in the figure of the freed bird. Many and beautiful are the stories in Japanese history and romance of the dove as the symbol of the soul, of peace and of victory. Yet there is also an element of romance. The people of Shinto, or the God Way, see in the birds the spirit of their ancestors whom they worship. Once, in archaic time, the daughter of a feudal chief of the Shinto was asked in marriage by a chieftain of differing cult. The father refused. Elopement followed. So did pursuit. The fugitive lovers hid themselves in a mountain cave. The angry father and his retainers were about to invade the refuge when two doves flew from the entrance. At this the parent was overawed, for he saw in the winged messengers ancestral spirits protesting against the desecration of their refuge. So he and his pursuing band turned away, while the lovers made their way to the shore and put out to sea to find a safe asylum.

Signs are not wanting that Christian sentiment is making itself felt even at the launching of our war-ships. We read with joy, trusting it is true, that the battleship *Kentucky*, which is to glide from her ways at Newport News before spring gales blow or flowers open, is not to be defiled with either whisky or champagne. Pleasing rumor has it that water from a cold, clear spring on the farm where Abraham Lincoln was born, and from which he often drank, will, ere this is printed, be used for the christening. A silver vessel filled from the "river of God which is full of water," will take the place of the bottle and the wine. So, during the War, over the bow of the gunboat *Bedford*, we remember, was broken a bottle of Bedford Springs water. We do not plead the adoption of the Japanese fashion, beautiful as it is, but only that as in our faith, so

on our noble war-ships, both Bacchus and Neptune have had their day. The bottle has brought us disaster, but pure water of the fountain, never! — *Wm. Elliot Griffis, D.D., in The Independent.*

Anchored at Last.

We read a story the other day that emphasizes anew to Christian workers that wonderfully comprehensive John iii: 16, that has brought so many souls into the Kingdom. We give it as the writer tells it:

I was standing one day in the Home for Old Soldiers, in one of our Eastern states. I had just finished addressing them when the commanding officer said, "There is one room in the institution I want you to see."

As we walked down the corridor he told me the story of an old sea-captain who had been an inmate of the home. When he entered the institution, he was boastful of his infidelity. He absolutely refused to attend any of the services in the chapel.

But finally he was taken ill. The officer said, "I went into his room and said, 'captain, you have nothing else to do. Suppose you read the Bible for my sake.'" But he stubbornly refused.

"The next day I went again and said, 'captain, suppose you read the Bible to see if there is anything in it you think you might receive; and if you find it, suppose you take this pen and dip it in red ink and mark it red.'"

This seemed to interest the old man, and he agreed to do it. At the officer's suggestion, he began with John's Gospel. He read through two chapters, and made never a mark. He started in to read the third chapter, and seemed uninterested until he came to the sixteenth verse, and then he stopped. He read it again, the tears came, and, reaching for his pen, he marked the passage red.

By this time we had reached the room he occupied, and as we crossed the threshold the officer said: "God called him home the other day, and I have just sent his Bible to his daughter. It was marked red all the way through, and he had come before his death to receive the Bible perfectly."

Over his bed was still swinging a pasteboard anchor, and on the lower part of it, written with his own hand in red ink, these words were seen: "I have cast my anchor in safe harbor, thank God."

A Harbor.

"Yes," said the captain, "there is nothing like a harbor to put into in rough weather. Many a time in the course of my life has my vessel been so tempest-tossed that I have feared she would be swamped in the raging waters; but somehow or other I have always happened to be near enough to some harbor to put in and wait a bit till the storm was over.

"Then I have gone on again, and I tell you what, I never begrudged the time we lost riding at anchor in a quiet harbor. It rests one to feel that he is in a safe place.

"Do you know," continued the captain, "that I wish harbors were nearer together? If I had made the world, I would have put them just so far apart that with ordinary care no sailing vessel ought ever to be too far from one to put in and get out of any heavy storm. That's what I should have done"

Years after, under different circumstances, I thought of the old captain's talk about harbors all

along shore. I had been troubled during the early part of the week. Everything I took hold of turned into a thorn and pricked me. I suppose all men, even good men, have hard days.

On the evening of such a day, a beautiful summer evening, I found myself sitting in the lower room of the church of which I was a member. The windows were open. The evening songs of the birds blended sweetly with the voices of the few worshippers, who sang some of the beautiful songs of Zion.

Sitting there and listening to the petition of one who had that very day felt the power of worldly influences, I recalled the words of the old sea captain, and I said to myself, "Why, here is a harbor for those who are tempest-tossed."

There are fifty-two such harbors within the circle of each revolving year. Surely the Christian has what the old sea captain wished for—a series of harbors that he can enter often enough to gain rest from the tempests of life, and strength to pursue his voyage until he enters that other harbor, on the shining shore, where he shall cast anchor for ever.

How foolish seemed to me the course of Christians who hardly ever seek the mid-week evening harbor. Poor tempest-tossed souls! how little they realize the value of the grand series of harbors that are ever ready for them to enter. I said on that Thursday evening, as did one on the mountain of transfiguration, "It is good for us to be here."—*Egbert L. Bangs, in American Messenger.*

Act at Once.

Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship.

I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and the keel-piece where it belongs, and the floor-timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship, goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. O my brother, let your smashed up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."—*Talmage.*

A GENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of possible danger to their good ship; but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. "You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post. "You must steer

very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of." "Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said. So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes the little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Holland.

ROTTERDAM.

From the annual report of the Rhine Haven Mariners' Chapel and Institute:

Late in the year 1896 the Right Hon. Count BENTINCK visited the premises of the mission then situated at 126 Schiedamsche Dijk. The result of this visit issued in an effort to secure better premises. Eventually this effort was successful and the mission was removed to the Rhine Haven at the end of the present year and designated the Rhine Haven Mariners' Chapel and Institute. The premises are situated on the quay and can be seen from the decks of ships moored in the Rhine Haven. They comprise a small chapel and reading room, sleeping cabins for seamen and apartments for missionary and family.

The work has followed very much the same lines as in last years, excepting the provision of sleeping accommodation for seamen.

Meetings for the worship of God and the preaching of the ever blessed and glorious gospel of Jesus Christ have been held twice each Sunday and during week day evenings. Sometimes these meetings have been held on board ship. A number of seamen have professed to have been turned from the service of Satan to God. We have reason to believe these professions were real and true. A goodly number of real Christian seamen have met with us at these services and have been refreshed and strengthened and encouraged to stand true to God and the right on board their ships.

Sick seamen of many nationalities have been visited in the hospital. It is a very blessed work to minister to the sons of the sea, suffering from accident, or fever, or other diseases contracted in their perilous journeyings from port to port.

These have been supplied with copies of the Holy Scriptures, gospel tracts and books, and are helped in various other ways, such as writing and posting letters for them to their relatives at home. The Lord has been very gracious to a number of these men in leading them to a knowledge of their sinful nature and then to the Saviour for deliverance from the guilt and power of sin. Thus have their sicknesses been a blessing in disguise.

By means of the steam launch and row boat a number of seamen have been brought to the meetings on shore and taken back to their ships afterwards. The reading room has been opened twelve hours daily. Seamen have found in it a place of rest and comfort after the day's toil on board has ended. Many conversations with seamen anxious to know the way of salvation have been held here, often extending far into the night. Some have returned to their ships rejoicing in a new found joy of knowing Jesus as their Saviour. Facilities for writing letters home have been freely provided in the reading room and many a young apprentice, mess room boy or young ordinary seaman has been advised, warned and helped out of evil company which abounds in this port.

Gospel temperance work has been prosecuted with vigor; but no one has been induced to sign the pledge without being reminded that God alone can supply the power to keep from strong drink. Correspondence with Christian seamen has been the means of blessing to some. Let-

ters have often cheered and refreshed Christian mariners when they have just needed encouragement. On the other hand letters from Christian seamen have often cheered the Lord's servant in his work.

At Ports in the United States.

Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER.

Testimonies:

"There is one day in my life brighter than all other days, the day when Jesus washed my sins away."

"I have only one brother. We have both been drunkards and caused our old folks much sorrow, but I thank God that yesterday we both in our right mind walked up and voted no-license."

"I don't know whether there is another man comes to this chapel as weak and fearful as I sometimes do. I know I am not worthy to be called a Christian, but yet I know I love God, and want to live a Christian life."

"I know I am far from what I ought to be. I am not a Christian, but I do believe that if you hadn't got hold of me, I would have been dead and damned long ago. I don't know what I live for. I am no benefit to the world; but this place has helped me."

"There is one night in my life. If I should live a thousand years I would not forget it. I woke up and found Jesus. I got up and walked the floor, happy in the love of Jesus."

"The words of the hymn just suit me: 'Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.' Four years ago I took Jesus for my pilot, and since then He has steered me clear of bar rooms, dance halls and all other places of sin and shame."

"I thank God for salvation. it keeps me from much that is evil. I have no desire ever to enter a saloon, unless it be to go in and rescue some poor fellow from their clutches."

"I have a grateful heart for Jesus to-night. I am conscious that when I was His enemy, He so loved His enemy that He sought me out. It is blessed to be led back to the Father's confidence and to be able to say Abba Father."

"I am glad to be back again. I have been gone five weeks. We were out in the heavy gale. I haven't made anything yet. I am satisfied that it has been a good trip. We saved two lives, and I would much rather have a hand in that than to have brought in the largest stock of fish for the season."

"I know rumsellers who go and have gone through these streets with their big, warm ulsters on, while I went with a thin coat tied about my waist. They got their luxuries with my hard-earned cash, but they don't do it now. They are not going to do it again. Brothers, let's keep them from robbing others. God will help us."

"I am a reformed drunkard. I am not ashamed to be called that. but I would be ashamed if anyone could call me now a drunkard. I was born, converted in this hall. Blessed be McClure Chapel. What I ask of God is for health and strength that I may do what I can for my fast-sinking brethren."

"God helping me I shall shun sin, and everything that leads to sin. I find it is the only safe way to live."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Letters and testimonies from the Tenth Annual Report of the Seamen's Christian Association of New York:

"Pray for me that God may keep me on the right path to eternal life. I have taken God's Holy Word and Commandments to try to keep them through life."

"You have kept me from going into saloons and kept me from bad company."

"I praise God for the goodness that He has bestowed on poor me. I must thank the mission for the goodness held out to me. Mr. W. has been exceptionally kind."

"I write in thankfulness for what you and the association have done for me. Without your aid I would not have been what I am to-day. I hope you will pray for me that I may do my work well and faithfully to my employers and also my God."

"I am very happy in the narrow way of life, and hope to continue to the end. You and Miss T. are daily remembered in my secret prayers. When I return, my first step shall be to the dear mission."

"I made my first visit to this dear little mission in February last with one of my shipmates, who was a regular attendant, and from the first I have scarcely lost a night."

"I shall give one-tenth of my income to the Lord, and whenever I am able to spare you a dollar, I send it to help some other poor fellow."

"When we left New York for Saigon I felt as happy as a bird in spring time. I trusted in the Lord to help me in all my troubles, and so He did. We had bad weather off the American coast and therefore lots of furling and reefing sails, which I took quite easily without swearing, thanks to your teaching me how to love and trust my Saviour. I never knew before how happy a Christian's life was until I tried it. I have not felt that way lately. Am very sorry, but have not lost hope, and trust you will show me the way again when I return."

"It is not an easy matter for a seafaring man to speak in a meeting before his own shipmates, but God is helping me to tell you how good He has been to me, and that I am not ashamed to say I have been trying to be a Christian for about two years, and feel that it is a much nobler way to live than to drink and be such a sinner as I was."

"I am a poor ignorant seaman, with no education, and never could read very well, but have learned to spell out a few words in my Bible about the forgiveness of sins. One night, while on duty, pacing the deck, and feeling very down-hearted, it seemed like a voice at my side, saying, 'Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' I felt like a different man, so happy, and rejoice now in my dear Saviour."

BROOKLYN.

A year's report of the Floating Bethel in Brooklyn is as follows:

Sailors attended the Bethel, 21,164, divine service, 10,836, raised hands for prayer, 2,719, converted, 425, signed pledges, 1,462; letters written, 6,708; Bibles given, 227, Testaments, 364, books, 5,397, papers, 25,317, tracts, 5,046; lodging provided, 1,761; meals, 13,239; ships visited, 1,307, canal boats, 106.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. J. B. MERRITT writes on October 1:

Though the past quarter has been the heated term when fewer vessels are in port and fewer men on these are inclined to attend service, yet we have been able to reach quite a number of seamen. Have been kept busy looking after men on shipboard and the sick in the hospital. To-day I buried a seaman converted some three months ago, whose death was as triumphant.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 237, all others, 14; religious services held in chapel, 26, in hospital, 12, elsewhere, 5; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 8, of others, 5; religious visits to hospitals, 92, on ships, 251; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 13, tracts, &c., 23, 000.

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

At the Forty-fifth Annual Meeting the following report was made:

To the trustees of the Seamen's Friend Society of Wilmington, N. C.:

The undersigned to whom you committed the execution of the clause of the constitution, in article No. 2, making provisions for the "teaching and administration of the gospel," respectfully report: That the same has been regularly done, according to their ability, on the afternoon of each Lord's Day, during the past year. Construing the words, "the gospel," in your organic instrument, to mean the simple teaching of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, apart from all modern perversion or sectarian basis, we have jointly endeavored to hold Him up as the only hope set before men for their guidance in time to their reward in eternity. In this effort they have been most admirably assisted by the unvarying presence, and musical direction in worship, of Colonel W. J. WOODWARD. Would that each member of your board evinced the same, or even an approximate, zeal in the said "administration of the gospel" to seamen.

Three years ago we reported to you our estimate of the value of the reading room (then unfortunately closed) as almost essential to the social, moral and religious care of seamen, which your constitution declares to be the object (mainly) of your organization. God be praised that it has been reopened this fall. The number of sailors who have availed themselves of its genial, homelike and beneficial advantages is far in excess of any previous year; and, consequently, not only has the attendance on the teachings

of the gospel been proportionately augmented, but the bearing and attention of the worshippers has been most gratifying.

A home without God is no home, and while we have sought to teach them of the God of the Seamen's Home, others have not been lacking in supplying the other elements of home experience.

On Christmas day ten sailors partook, at the home, of bountiful cheer, provided by the ever thoughtful and liberal generosity of Mr. JAMES SPRUNT. An "old salt" remarked, "I have sailed the world around, but I have never touched at a port where the sailor was altogether cared for as in Wilmington, N. C." We thank God and take courage.

[Signed] J. CARMICHAEL,
A. D. MCCLURE.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

The Rev. C. E. CHICHESTER writes on October 1:

During the past summer we have had only five foreign vessels in this port, and three of those had crews of Lascars, natives of the East Indies, from the Malabar coast, Malays. They are Mohammedans and have a priest of their own faith on board. They do not understand English and could not be induced to enter a Christian church, or even let the shadow of "a Christian dog" fall upon them. One of the crew died recently. We gave them a grave in the sailors' burying ground, but they took entire charge of the funeral, and held their own peculiar service taken from the Koran. The prospect for our season's work, which begins October 2, is quite hopeful.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 43, all others, 5; religious visits to hospitals, 14, on ships, 48, in boarding-houses and jail, 3; Bibles and Testaments distributed, English, 14, German, 2, Swedish, 1, tracts, magazines, papers, &c., 2,535.

Alabama.

MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on October 1:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 4, all others, 27; religious services held in chapel, 7, in hospital, 30; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 6, of others, 5; religious visits to hospital, 15, on ships, 115, in boarding-houses, 22; Bibles distributed, 5, magazines, papers, and Spanish, Norwegian, German and English tracts; 45 special requests for prayer.

The work of the chaplain for the month of September has been by no means deficient in interest and encouragement, as is shown by the above statistics. The monthly concert was well attended and most enjoyable. Several generous friends, both ladies and gentlemen, whose names it would be a pleasure to mention, have conferred favors. One firm gave a large quantity of writing paper and envelopes, another gave bottles of ink, several ladies sent books, magazines, papers and flowers, one lady gave some articles of wearing apparel to two needy seamen, and the same patient restaurateurs responded to calls to feed the hungry. One poor sufferer from a dreadful cancer in his mouth was utterly despondent, and professed to be without faith in the Bible. The same unhappy man, treated with kindness, is now reading God's Word and some tracts, and changing, there is reason to hope, in his feelings and notions. Let the prayers of every reader of this report ascend for God's blessing and mercy upon this, our fellow-man and brother, whom Jesus pities.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO PORT SOCIETY.

From the Thirty-eighth Annual Report of chaplain ROWELL:

And there is one fact that should inspire us to earnest endeavor for these men, apart from the mere call of duty, and that is that they are exceedingly hopeful subjects for Christian effort. Some missionaries have toiled for many years without seeing a single soul converted. In many churches in Christian lands not one soul is converted in a year. Pastors preach and pray, and the means of grace are duly used, but sinners will not come to Christ. The majority of the children of Christian parents hear the gospel preached from childhood to mature years without accepting Christ as their Saviour. Familiarity with gospel truth lessens its power to move. It has come to be understood in most of our churches that conversions are not to be

expected without the use of extraordinary means.

But to seamen who have been long without religious privileges the gospel comes with the power of freshness, and they listen earnestly to earnest appeals. They do not need to be convinced that they are sinners, for they know the fact only too well. They have carried from childhood a full conviction of the power of Christ to save, and need not to be told this truth. They are used to prompt obedience to orders, and this habit makes it easier for them to obey the call of God to repentance. So, when they can be persuaded to enter our place of worship, we have strong hopes of being able to win them to Christ before they leave. It is not an uncommon thing for men to come to church in a careless frame of mind, be convicted of sin, and led to accept Christ as their Saviour before they leave the house. And such converts are more likely to turn out well than the majority of those who sign cards in great revival meetings.

Of course not all of our seafaring men are hopeful subjects for Christian effort. There are many among them that are adepts in sin and so hardened in sinful ways as to seem almost beyond the power of the gospel. But this is not true of the great majority of them. On ship and shore most of them are very approachable and respond to kindness with confidence. They are very careless and even reckless about their relations to God, but their consciences are easily aroused and they are very open to earnest, Christian appeals. There are no better listeners to earnest gospel preaching than the men of the sea, and none more ready to yield to the claims of God when brought face to face with Him. I suppose there is no other class of men that will yield so large results of salvation, from an equal amount of labor bestowed, as the men of the sea.

The Planets for November, 1898.

MERCURY will not be visible.

VENUS will be visible at the beginning of the month as a bright object in the very early evening, but at the end of the month will be so close to the Sun as to be invisible.

MARS will be visible after midnight, increasing in brightness.

JUPITER will be visible in the south-east just before sunrise at the end of the month.

SATURN will not be well visible.

The great periodic Meteor shower is due in a year or two; and shooting stars should be looked for on the morning of November 13 or 14. Also, there should be meteors of a lesser shower in the evening about November 25.

Princeton. T. R.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

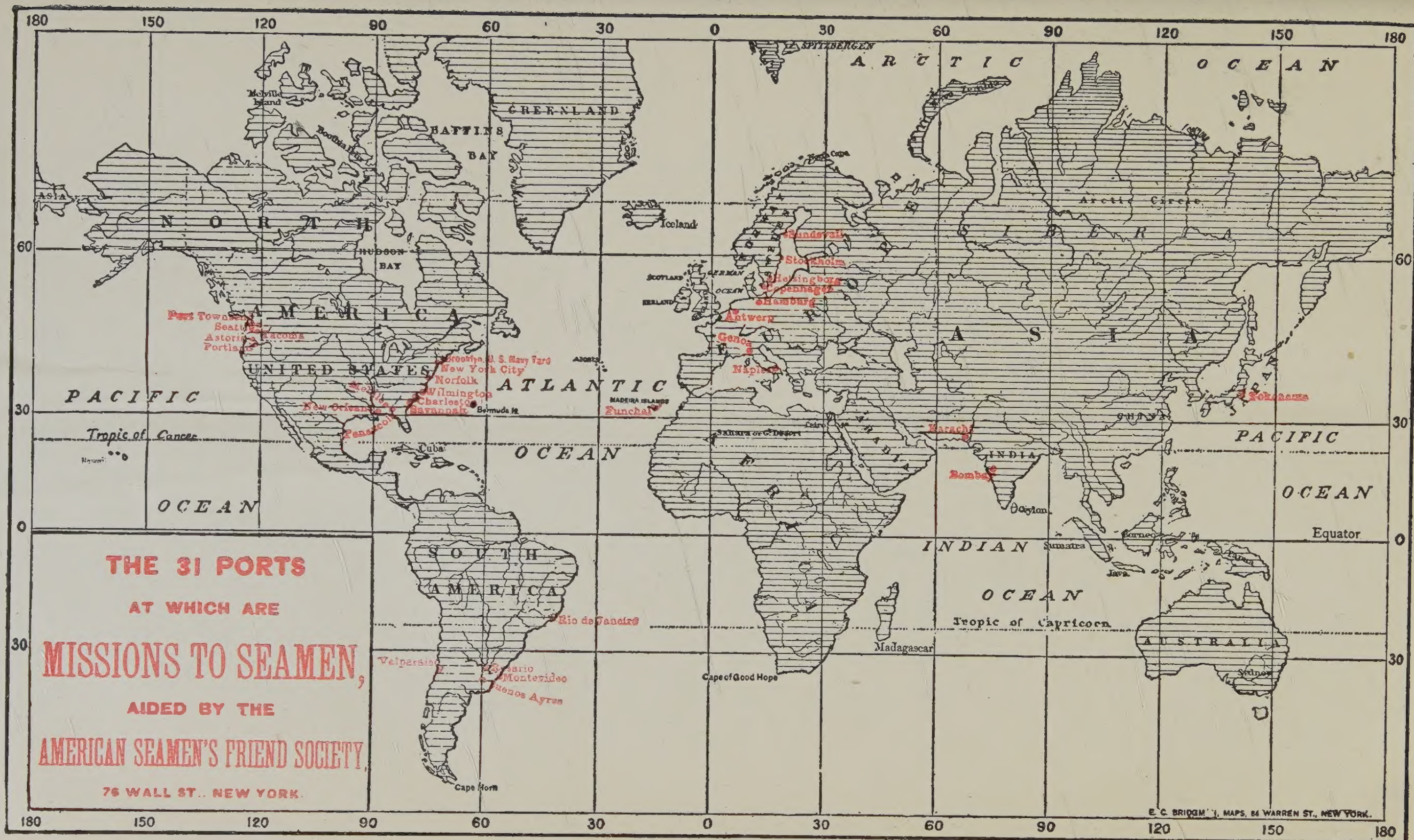
Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

Total arrivals	116

Receipts for September, 1898.

MAINE.	
Bangor, Hammond Street Congregational Church	$17 62
Hampden, Congregational Church, towards a library	2 35
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Buckland, bequest of John Drury Clapp, late of Buckland, per Frederick A. Clapp, executor	5 00
Wellesley Hills, Caroline W. Bachelder, for a library	20 00
CONNECTICUT.	
Bristol, First Congregational Church	5 00
Haddam, First Congregational Ch	18 00
Manchester, Second Congregational Church	6 84
New Haven, a friend, for a library	20 00
Miss Susan L. Stone	13 00
Old Saybrook, Congregational Ch	4 11
NEW YORK.	
New York City, Collegiate Reformed (Dutch) Church	44 78
Theophilus A. Brouwer	15 00
Collection on board the International Navigation Co.'s S. S. *Kensington*, on a west-bound voyage in August last	1 61
NEW JERSEY.	
Newark, First Presbyterian Church	92 73
Riverton, Annie S. Sharp, for a library to be called the Howard E. Sharp Library	20 00
Tranquillity, Mrs. Hannah S. Hart	50 00
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore, Dr. Robert T. Wilson, constituted a Life Member	30 00
	$366 04


THE 31 PORTS
AT WHICH ARE
MISSIONS TO SEAMEN,
AIDED BY THE
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
76 WALL ST., NEW YORK.
ARCTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
NORTH AMERICA
UNITED STATES
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
ASIA
SIBERIA
AFRICA
ARABIA
INDIA
CHINA
AUSTRALIA
GREENLAND
BAFFINS BAY
HUDSON BAY
Iceland
SPITZBERGEN
Melville Island
Boothia Bay
Arctic Circle
Tropic of Cancer
Tropic of Capricorn
Equator
Cuba
Bermuda Is.
MADEIRA ISLANDS
SCOTLAND
IRELAND
GERMAN OCEAN
Sahara or Gt. Desert
Cairo
Madagascar
Cape of Good Hope
Cape Horn
Ceylon
Sumatra
Borneo
Java
Sydney
Port Townsend
Seattle
Tacoma
Astoria
Portland
Brooklyn U. S. Navy Yard
New York City
Norfolk
Wilmington
Charleston
Savannah
Mobile
New Orleans
Pensacola
Funchal
Sundsvall
Stockholm
Helsingborg
Copenhagen
Hamburg
Antwerp
Genoa
Naples
Karachi
Bombay
Yokohama
Rio de Janeiro
Valparaiso
Rosario
Montevideo
Buenos Ayres
E. C. BRIDGMAN, MAPS, 84 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.
180
150
120
90
60
30
0

INFORMATION FOR SEAMEN.

SWEDEN, Helsingborg	K. I. Berg.
" Stockholm	J. T. Hedstrom.
" Sundsvall	Rev. E Eriksson.
" Gottenborg	Christian Nielsen.
DENMARK, Copenhagen	Rev. A. Wollesen.
GERMANY, Hamburg	British & American Sailors' Inst., H. M. Sharpe.
BELGIUM, Antwerp	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev J. Adams.
ITALY, Genoa	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.
" Naples	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
INDIA, Bombay	Seamen's Rest. F. Wood, Superintendent.
" Karachi	Rev. W. H. Dowling.
JAPAN, Yokohama	Rev. W. T. Austen.
" Kobe	Edward Makeham.
" Nagasaki	John Makins.
CHILE, Valparaiso	Rev. Frank Thompson.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, Buenos Ayres	Buenos Ayres Sailors Home and Mission.
" Rosario	Rosario Sailors' Home & Mission, F. Ericsson.
MADEIRA, Funchal	Miss'n to Sailors & Sailors' Rest. Rev. W. G. Smart.
MASSACHUSETTS, Gloucester	Gloucester Fishermen's Inst., Rev. E. C. Charlton.
CONNECTICUT, New Haven	Woman's Sea. Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev.
NEW YORK, New York City	Capt. Wm. Dollar. [John O. Bergh.
" Brooklyn, U. S. Navy Yard	Rev. G. B. Cutler.
VIRGINIA, Norfolk	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
NORTH CAROLINA, Wilmington	Wilmington Port Society, Rev. Jas. Carmichael.
SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston	Charleston Port Society, Rev. C. E. Chichester.
FLORIDA, Pensacola	Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.
GEORGIA, Savannah	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
ALABAMA, Mobile	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
LOUISIANA, New Orleans	New Orleans Port Society, Rev. R. E. Steele.
OREGON, Portland	Portland Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. A. Robinson.
" Astoria	Rev. J. McCormac.
WASHINGTON, Tacoma	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
" Seattle	Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Thos. Rees.
" Port Townsend	Pt. Townsend Sea. Friend Society, C. L. Terry.

Directory of Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	*Established by*	*Keepers.*
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 104 Market St	Seamen s Aid Society	James F. Slaughter.
BOSTON, Mass., N. Sq., Mariners' House	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
" Phineas Stowe Sea. Home	Lad. Beth. Soc., 8 N. Bennet	St. George C. Smith.
" Charlestown, 46 Water St	Epis. City Mission	John Allen, Supt.
" East Boston, 120 Marginal St.	" "	James M. Battles, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., 14 Bethel Court.	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	E. Williams.
NEW YORK, N. Y., 190 Cherry Street	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	F. Alexander, Lessee.
" " 52 Market St	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	H. Smith.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., 172 Carroll St	Scandinav'n Sailors' Home.	Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.
" 112 First Place	Finnish Luth. Sea. Home	—
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
BALTIMORE, Md., 418 South Ann Street		Miss Ellen Brown
" 1737 Thames St.	Port Miss., Woman's Aux'ry	Thomas Hansen, Sup't. / Miss Laura Lee, Matron
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilmington Port Society	—
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 Market St	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Capt. H. G. Cordes.
MOBILE, Ala	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	—
NEW ORLEANS, La	N. O. Sea. Friend Society	Halvor Iverson.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal	S. F. Sea. Friend Soc'y	Capt. Melvin Staples.
PORTLAND, Ore	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	Rev. A. Robinson.
NEW HAVEN, Conn	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

Location.	*Aided by*	*Missionaries.*
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y	Rev. F. Southworth.
BOSTON, Mass., 332 Hanover St	Baptist Bethel Society	" A. S. Gilbert.
Bethel, 287 Hanover St	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel	Methodist	" L. B. Bates.
GLOUCESTER, Mass. 6 Duncan St	Gloucester Fish'rmen's Inst.	" E. C. Charlton.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass	New Bedford Port Society.	" E. Williams.
NEW HAVEN, Conn. Bethel, 61 Water.	Woman's Sea. Friend Soc'y	" John O. Bergh.
NEW YORK, N.Y. Catharine c. Madison	New York Port Society	" Samuel Boult.
128 Charlton Street	" " W. S. Branch	Mr. John McCormack.
34 Pike Street, E. R.	Episcopal Miss Society	Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
665 Washington Street	The Sea. Christian Ass'n	Stafford Wright.
No. 341 West Street, N. R.	Episcopal Miss. Society	" W. A. A. Gardiner.
21 Coenties Slip	" " "	" Isaac Maguire.
53 Beaver St	Finnish Lutheran Sea. Ch.	" V. K. Durchman.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard	Am. Sea. Friend Society	Mr. J. M. Wood.
31 Atlantic Avenue	New York Port Society	—
193 9th Street, near 3rd Avenue	Dan. Ev. Luth. Sea. Miss'n.	Rev. R. Andersen.
Erie Basin	Episcopal Miss. Society	" Isaac Maguire.
Scandinavian Seamen's Church, William St., near Richard St.	Nor. Luth. Sea. Mission	" Jakob Bo.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., c. Front & Union	Presbyterian	" H. F. Lee.
N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts	Episcopal	" Francis W. Burch.
Front Street, above Navy Yard	Baptist	" —
Washington Ave. and Third St.	Methodist	" W. Downey.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, Md., Aliceanna & Bethel Sts	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" G. W. Heyde.
No. 815 S. Broadway	Port Mission	Mr. K. S. Willis, English.
		" S. Olsen, Scand'ian.
NORFOLK, Va., Water St., near Madison	Norfolk Sea. Fr'nd Soc y.	Rev. J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.	Wilmington Port Society	" J. Carmichael, D.D.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St.	Charleston Port Society	" C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH, Ga.	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y.	" H. Iverson.
PENSACOLA, Fla.	" " " "	Mr. Henry C. Cushman.
MOBILE Ala., Church St., near Water	" " " "	Rev. R. A. Mickle.
NEW ORLEANS, La., Fulton & Jackson.	Presbyterian	" R. E. Steele.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal	San Francisco Port Society	" J. Rowell.
PORTLAND, Ore.	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y	" A. Robinson.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

JAMES W. ELWELL, *President.* CHAS. A. STODDARD, D.D., *Vice-President.*

W. C. STITT, D.D., *Secretary.* WILLIAM C. STURGES, *Treasurer.*

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

JOHN DWIGHT
63 Wall Street, New York.
SAMUEL ROWLAND,
47 Water Street, New York.
FREDERICK STURGES,
76 Wall Street, New York.
GEORGE BELL,
68 South Street New York.
WILLIAM C. STURGES,
76 Wall Street, New York.
DAVID GILLESPIE,
Morristown, N. J.
EDGAR L. MARSTON,
33 Wall Street, New York.
CHAS. A. STODDARD, D D.,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York.
WM. E. STIGER,
155 Broadway, New York.
DANIEL BARNES,
76 Wall Street, New York.
A. GIFFORD AGNEW,
23 West 39th Street, New York.
W. HALL ROPES,
76 Wall Street, New York.
NORMAN FOX, D D.,
Morristown, N. J.
JOHN E. LEECH,
94 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
EDWARD B. COE, D.D., LL.D.,
42 West 52nd Street, New York.
ENOS N. TAFT,
76 Wall Street, New York.
JAMES W. ELWELL,
47 South Street, New York.
ELBERT A. BRINCKERHOFF,
109 Duane Street, New York.
CHARLES K. WALLACE,
203 Produce Exchange, New York.
A. G. VERMILYE, D.D.,
Englewood, N. J.
JEROME E. MORSE, U. S. N.,
129 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
FREDERICK T. SHERMAN,
291 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of the Constitution.)—The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

CHAPLAINS.—In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, CHILE, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLANDS, ICELAND, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, FRANCE, ITALY, and INDIA. A list of the chaplains, who will always be ready to befriend the sailor, is given on the preceding page.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—An important part of the Society's work, and one greatly blessed of God to the good of seamen, is that of placing on board ships going to sea, libraries composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it is communicated as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to APRIL 1, 1898, was 10,479. Calculating 12,305 reshipments, their 557,685 volumes have been accessible to more than 398,215 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools. Twenty dollars furnishes a library.

THE SAILORS' HOME, No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society, and is leased under careful, judicious restrictions. It is unsurpassed in comfort by any Sailors' Home in the world; its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated, but many seamen have there been led to Christ. Destitute, shipwrecked seamen are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society resides in the HOME, and religious and temperance meetings are held daily. The Lessee receives and cares for the savings of his sailor guests and a large amount has thus been saved to seamen and their families.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this MAGAZINE.